A Good Wife, or None.

To a pleasant new Tune.

THe glazing Torch is soon burnt out,
the Dimonds light abides,
The one in glory shines about,
the other it's vertue hides:
That spark (if any) shall be mine,
that else give light to none:
For if to every one he shine:
I had rather lye alone.

The glow-worm in the dark gives light
unto the view of many,
The Moon she shews her self by night,
and yields her self to any:
But if my love should seem to me,
of every one so known:
She never more should shine on me,
I had rather lye alone.

I'le not consume and pine away,
as other lovers do,
For such as wandring walk astray
and never will prove true:
I'le set as light by any she,
as she by me hath done:
And for my love and constancy,
or else Ile lye alone.

A willow garland for my head,
I never mean to wear,
I need no Pillow for my bed,
I yet am void of care:
A single life is without strife,
and free from sigh and groan,
For such contentments of my life,
I'le choose to lye alone.

Once did I love the fairest Dame,
that ever I did see,
But she did most unconstant prove,
and set no love by me;
And ever since my mind is such,
to lend my love to to none,
Because I have been crost so much,
I'le ever lye alone.

The beauty of the fairest Flower,
so pleasing to the eye,
Doth fade and wither in an hour,
and no man sets thereby:
So deals my fair with me,
her joys in love are gone,
Wherefore the wanton world shall see,
I'le choose to lye alone.

A Good Wife, or None.

To a pleasant new Tune.

THe glazing Torch is soon burnt out,
the Dimonds light abides,
The one in glory shines about,
the other it's vertue hides:
That spark (if any) shall be mine,
that else give light to none:
For if to every one he shine:
I had rather lye alone.

The glow-worm in the dark gives light
unto the view of many,
The Moon she shews her self by night,
and yields her self to any:
But if my love should seem to me,
of every one so known:
She never more should shine on me,
I had rather lye alone.

I'le not consume and pine away,
as other lovers do,
For such as wandring walk astray
and never will prove true:
I'le set as light by any she,
as she by me hath done:
And for my love and constancy,
or else Ile lye alone.

A willow garland for my head,
I never mean to wear,
I need no Pillow for my bed,
I yet am void of care:
A single life is without strife,
and free from sigh and groan,
For such contentments of my life,
I'le choose to lye alone.

Once did I love the fairest Dame,
that ever I did see,
But she did most unconstant prove,
and set no love by me;
And ever since my mind is such,
to lend my love to to none,
Because I have been crost so much,
I'le ever lye alone.

The beauty of the fairest Flower,
so pleasing to the eye,
Doth fade and wither in an hour,
and no man sets thereby:
So deals my fair with me,
her joys in love are gone,
Wherefore the wanton world shall see,
I'le choose to lye alone.

WEll may we picture Cupid blind,
which roving shot his dart,
And made my lover most unkind,
to steal away my heart:
Which cannot be restor'd again,
it is so love-sick grown,
For she hath kil'd it with disdain,
therefore I'le lye alone.

Within that face I once did see,
two Dimond eyes whose bright,
And glistering beams so dazled me,
that I was ravish't quite:
And strook so blind I could not see,
the way that I had gone,
But from fond love I'm now set free,
and choose to lye alone.

This single life brings golden ease,
no jealous thoughts offend,
the wedded wights go where they please
and fear no changing friend:
while married mates with musing mind
do sob, and sigh and groan:
Because their Turtles prove unkind,
therefore I'le lye alone.

What if the willow Garland be,
appointed for my lot,
Yet this content shall comfort me,
false love is soon forgot:
A second love must make amends,
now that the first is gone,
For Cressus kind had many friends,
else still had lyn alone.

For could I but call my choise,
out of Diana's train,
who would not hear the tempters voice,
then I might love again:
And cause some of more constant light
then that which lately shone,
My equall I'd to requite,
or else I'le lye alone.

For time and opportunity
will woe the coyest Dame,
And overcome the chastest eye,
that bares the bravest name:
Yea, man was made for womans good,
not idle like the drone,
But for to heat and stir the blood,
and not to lye alone.

London, Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*.